Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at
http://download.archiveofourown.org/works/2327384.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Fire Emblem: Kakusei | Fire Emblem: Awakening
Relationship:	Chrom/Male My Unit | Male Avatar/Chrom
Character:	Chrom (Fire Emblem), Male My Unit | Avatar
Additional Tags:	very heavily implied feelings, chrom finally rethinks his fashion choices, these boys are fucking stupid where do I start with this, feelings no longer just implied as of chapter 2
Stats:	Published: 2014-09-19 Completed: 2015-02-04 Chapters: 2/2 Words: 1530

Warm me up

by Insanitydonewell

Summary

The shepherds are traveling through a snow covered road, and Chrom is very under-dressed.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Chapter 1

Sometimes Chrom really questioned his fashion choices. He didn't often consider his usual royal outfit as odd or out of place as some of his comrades, though he did find it inconvenient at times. For example, he was now regretting ignoring Frederick's recommendation to bring an extra cloak.

It was so cold it was nearly snowing. Actually, it was snowing. He glared up at the sky, wrinkling his nose as a snowflake landed on it.
Of course.
He set his jaw as he looked around, trying to keep his teeth from chattering.
Frederick would not know that he was right.

"We're stopping here for tonight!" He called out. The others looked relieved, stopping where they were to start setting up their camp. Robin quirked his eyebrow, and gave him a look, clearly implying that he was on to him and his motives.
Chrom was too cold to care.
He didn't even put up much of a fight as the tactician pulled him into the forest for fire wood.
Robin's grip was hot on his wrist, almost burning. He couldn't tell if he was cold or if he was imagining his hand scorching his skin.
He was probably being over dramatic.
--

Once the were a safe distance from the camp, robin turned to face Chrom, and gently pushed him to lean back against a tree. He yanked his gloves off, putting them in his pockets, and put his hands on Chrom's cheeks.
"You feel like ice. Were you planning on telling anyone? Or did you plan on letting us find you turned into an ice cube?"
Chrom's face flushed, and as much as he wanted to blame it the cold, it was hard to do that staring into Robin's eyes.
As much as that thought should have bothered it him...it didn't
"...irresponsible. Are you even listening?"
His hands moved down to his shoulders, and Chrom blinked, nodding. "Yes. I'm irresponsible and I should've dressed warmer." Robin snorted and stepped back. He shrugged out of his coat, and tossed it to the prince. "Just put it on, don't complain."

Chrom predictably was not happy with that response. "You'll get cold. And we can't have you dying of frostbite." He held the coat out, and Robin rolled his eyes. "We'll be worse off if you die than if I do. Just take it. I'm wearing more layers than you anyway."
"That's not the point-" He stopped mid sentence. They were /not/ arguing about a coat.
"What if we compromise?"
His companions eyebrows rose. "...Compromise how?" He couldn't help but be slightly suspicious. After all, the prince was selfless enough to keep his people safe at his expense. He wouldn't be surprised if he planned to- "if you're insistent on me having it, and I insist on you having it, it only makes sense if we share."
It was quiet for a second after chrom made his suggestion. Robin nodded slowly, trying to hide that the idea was more appealing than he let on. Though he wouldn't feel right about being in such close proximity of him without him being aware of his feelings.

Also, there was the fact that that idea was just not logical at all considering the circumstances.
"It wouldn't be very smart. We came out to look for fire wood and that wouldn't be very efficient with us both stuck in the same coat." This is why logical thinking was very important.
Chrom nodded quickly, just realizing that.

"Yes, you're right." He felt ridiculous, still holding the coat, and freezing just to make a point. Robin nodded as well, feeling steadily more awkward. "We should just start gathering. The movement should warm us up fairly quickly." He clenched his fists behind his back and smiled calmly, before turning on his heel to head deeper into the Forrest. Chrom stared at his back for a moment, before running to catch up to him. He caught his arm, and drew his hand down to his wrist, pulling him so they were face to face. "I know another way to warm up."
Robin stared up at him blankly, despite the fact that his heart was pounding and his stomach was turning. His cheeks were pink from the cold an some snow was settled into his hair, making him look younger than usual.
Chrom could feel his hands getting clammy as they stared at each other for a moment.
"What do recommend?" His voice was surprisingly steady, and chrom averted his eyes, starting to lose his nerve. "I-...well." He was still holding onto robins wrist, tightening and loosening his grip little by little. He dropped the coat, and scratched the back of his neck, before putting his hand on Robins shoulder. Robin bit the inside of his cheek, trying to stay stoic in the face of this situation.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

They're still distracted

Chapter Notes

I just wrote this for the heck of it, just to add a bit of finality I guess. It's really not that much

He couldn’t help but feel like his heart was beating out of his chest.

Absently, Robin hoped that Chrom couldn’t hear it, considering how close he was standing. They were standing toe to toe, looking deep into each other’s eyes, like there was nothing else that mattered.

Chrom took a breath, feeling his bravery fade, and gradually feeling more ridiculous as he stood there, staring blankly.

Robin probably thought he was an idiot at this point!

It’s not like he could make such a brazen pass at him and not act on it.

Their gazes hadn’t wavered, and Robin stared, somewhat expectantly at him.

He really wondered what he was thinking right now. If he was expecting something, or if he was thinking of a way to get them out of this situation without making it awk-

As he felt a hand slide around the back of his neck, he stopped his thinking, and brought his focus back to the man in front of him, who was currently shutting his eyes and pulling him closer.

Letting himself get pulled, he shifted his hand down to Robins forearm and shut his eyes right before they kissed.

It was as innocent as it could be, but Robin couldn’t deny that he was definitely feeling warmer now.

Feeling adventurous, Chrom put his arm around his middle, pulling Robin closer so they were right against each other.

The way this was going, it didn’t look like it would stay innocent forever.

The air around them was silent, and even they were hardly making a sound.

To call this intimate was a complete understatement.

And as soon as it started, it was over. Robin slid his hand up Chrom’s chest, and pushed lightly,

pulling back.

“We really need to uh…” What were they doing again? Collecting firewood? Hunting? “Get back, they’re probably worrying about us by now.”

Chrom blinked, and looked around, noticing that yes, it was getting dark, and they’d gotten nowhere.

Well not *nowhere* but…

He let Robin go, squeezing his arm as he did, and took a step back, muttering, “Firewood”.

“Right…” Robin scratched the back of his neck awkwardly, smiling shyly as he remembered.

He supposed that dark or not, they couldn’t exactly turn up empty handed now.

With that, they got back to work.

A short while later, they came back to the camp, greeted with very impatient shepherds. But once the fire was going and everyone was warming up, they were quick to be forgiven.

Chrom and Robin sat together, just close enough that their legs were touching. Nobody paid them any mind, even as people started leaving the fire to sleep, eventually leaving them alone.

Robin glanced at Chrom out of the corner of his eye, unexpectedly making eye contact. Blushing, he looked back at his lap quickly, and bit his lip.

He decided to take attention away from the… tension in the air. If that’s what you could call it.

“Why do you only have one sleeve?” He blurt his question out, whipping around to look at Chrom, who looked extremely alarmed.

“I- what?”

“You only have one sleeve.” Robin gestured vaguely, feeling more awkward by the minute.

“Well- I don’t know? It’s fashion. I guess.” He muttered the last bit to himself, twiddling his thumbs.

“There’s nothing particularly practical about it though, is there?” Robin raised an eyebrow, having no idea where he was going with this.

Chrom rolled his eyes, remembering when he had a similar conversation with Frederick.

“If you dislike it so much, should I just take it off?”

Robin balked, and Chrom paled, realizing what he said.

“I mean- well I didn’t…” It was his turn to gesture vaguely, and he felt his face getting hotter by the second. If he wasn’t careful, it was going to sound like everything he was saying was intended to proposition the tactician, which would be wildly inappropriate.

Which of course was rich considering what they’d done just a couple hours ago…

“I’m going to bed.” He announced suddenly, and stood up. Robin opened his mouth to protest for a moment, before standing up as well.

“It’s just as well, it’s getting pretty late,” he muttered to himself. He flashed him another shy smile, backing away from him.

“Good night.”

Chrom nodded after him, returning the phrase.

“Good night, Robin.”

End Notes

Gonna be totally honest- This story was written in a series of eight text messages. It's unclear whether or not I'll write a sequel where stuff actually happens because I'm not very good at writing things like that. But this ship needs more love, so here.

And I also might just even rewrite it. At least it's proofread.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!